

# The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR.

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## Poetry.

From the American Review.

A DAY IN OCTOBER.

Spirit of Summer! thou art here,  
Returning on the south-wind's wing,  
From thy new dwelling, far away—  
Leaving behind a dreary day,  
In this thy kindly visiting.  
That thou may'st see the fields, once more,  
Where stood the fairy tents of yore.  
Deep sadness is there in thy step,  
And sorrow in thy busy eye;  
And fluttering round the scattered leaves,  
We know thy gentle bosom grieves,  
As evermore we hear thee sigh,  
For thou dost see a deathful land  
Bathed thickly down thy favored land!  
O leave thy kiss upon my cheek,  
For thou wilt soon be on thy way,  
And Frost, the minister of Death,  
Forsaking on the Winter's breath,  
Shall rule the earth in white array;  
And lonely shall I sit, the while,  
Without thy parting kiss and smile.  
And live with thee thine own rich hues,  
The colors of thy own sweet flowers;  
The bloom of tender heart and note,  
The bloom that ever round thee floats;  
The twilight dim, enchanted hours,  
And keep them safe with thee, till Spring  
Thy welcome steps again shall bring.



## AGRICULTURAL.

METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE WEIGHT OF CATTLE WHILE LIVING.

This is of the utmost utility for all those who are not experienced judges by the eye; and by the following directions, the weight can be ascertained within a few tride. Take a string, put it round the breast, stand square, just behind the shoulder blade; measure on a foot, the feet and inches the animal is in circumference; this will give the girth; then, with the string, measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock; direct the line along the back to the fore part of the shoulder blade; take the dimensions on the foot rule as before, which is the length; and work the figures in the following manner: Girth of the bullock, six feet four inches; length, five feet three inches; which multiplied together, make 31 square superficial feet; and that multiplied by 25 (the number of pounds allowed to each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than seven, and more than five in girth) make 772 pounds. Where the animal measures less than 6 and more than 7 in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to each superficial foot. Again, suppose a pig or any small beast should measure two feet in girth, and two along the back, which multiplied together, make 4 square feet; that multiplied by 11, the number of pounds allowed to each square foot of cattle measuring less than three feet in girth, makes 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf, a sheep, &c. should measure 4 feet 9 inches in girth, and 3 feet 9 inches in length, which multiplied together, makes 15 1/4 square feet; that multiplied by 16, the number of pounds allowed to all cattle measuring less than 3 feet and more than 3 in girth, makes 265 pounds. The dimensions of the girth and length of black cattle, sheep, calves, or hogs, may be as exactly taken this way as it is at all necessary for any computation or any valuation of stock, and will answer exactly to the four quarters, sinking the oval, and which every man, who can get even a bit of chalk can easily perform.—Chambers' Information for the People.

## ORIGINAL RECIPES.

CUP CAKE.—Two cups of pulverized sugar, half a cup of butter, 3 eggs, 3 cups of flour, half a tea-spoonful of saleratus, and half a cup of buttermilk.  
WHEAT.—One pint of milk, scalded and then allowed to cool, 2 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of yeast or sponge, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. When well risen, add 1 cup of melted butter and 1 tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in sour cream. Then let it rise again, add flour sufficient to roll, put them in the tins to rise a third time, bake quick.

By a Table of expenditures of the different Administrations of the General Government, recently published, the following results are found:

Year.	Per Cent.
Washington, 8 years, \$15,892,192	\$2.92
2 Adams, 8 years, 41,390,788	9.55
3 Jackson, 8 years, 144,662,899	26.58
4 Monroe, 8 years, 164,453,690	29.18
5 Madison, 8 years, 20,531,914	3.75
6 Jefferson, 8 years, 15,292,735	2.75
7 Burr, 8 years, 176,408,963	32.35
8 Clinton, 8 years, 19,121,171	3.45
9 Hamilton, 8 years, 292,395,000	53.85

## MISCELLANY.

### THE MARCHIONESS KORDONIAN.

Translated from the French for Holden's Magazine.

THE Castle of Kordonian, situated between Rennes and Vitre, belongs, to-day, to a wealthy manufacturer, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and chevalier of the legion of honor; the noble mansion of the Marquis of Kordonian has undergone a strange metamorphosis, and is now a manufactory of lamp oil and brown soap, in traversing the halls of this residence, which time, improvidence and industry have sadly impaired, the proprietor of whom I speak scarcely suspects the drama of private life, the real tragedy, which is the subject of this narrative, and which was formerly enacted on the mysterious stage of the apartment which he inhabits.

In 1780, the owner of Kordonian had turned this magnificent abode into a genuine family prison, in which they concealed, from all eyes, the secret griefs of their private life; many persons, many inquisitive visitors, tried daily to obtain admission into the castle, but they knocked in vain at the portal of that inaccessible retreat, of that inhospitable mansion; no one was ever permitted to enter the cabinet of the Marquis or the saloon of the Marchioness.

Two domestics only sufficed for the service of the castle; an old servant, named Philip, and a young peasant girl, called Nanette. Philip was the factotum, and incorruptible guardian of the house; Nanette was the chambermaid and discreet confidant of her mistress.

If, when the old servant went, by chance, to Vitre or to Rennes, he was asked—  
"Master Philip, is your noble master entirely lost then to the life of this world? Is he dead without having ceased to live?"  
"He is not dead, God be thanked," the old man would reply; "no, by no means—but he is still a little ailing."

"Ailing! And what is his ailment? The gout, or pride?"  
"It is an ailment which is not precisely an ailment. My lord the Marquis was formerly extravagantly fond of all the human sciences; for example, he would pass whole days in his library, studying books on heraldry and alchemy; well, he has grown very melancholy on account of his having learned so much; in a word, he is ill, because he has too much knowledge."

"Too much knowledge, master Philip? Before his marriage, the Marquis was so little what they call a man of sense, that he could scarcely stammer the service, as he turned the leaves of his misal; when a passer-by saluted him in the country, he would leap like a kid; when a friend spoke to him in the street, he would gesticulate so strangely, that every school-boy laughed in his face."

"It is very simple! The Marquis at that time occupied himself with the sciences of heraldry and alchemy."

"Very simple! Blended Nanette in her ramblings about the environs of the castle—  
"Nanette, why is your mistress, as they say, so sad and lonely?"  
"Because she has been acquainted with a good many tiresome people."

"Why does she persist in living alone in the country?"  
"Because she abhors the society of the city."

"For what reason?"  
"She declares that wherever men assemble together, there are always fools or rogues among them."

"That is very flattering to her friends! Why does she never go to court as she is entitled to do by her rank?"  
"Because she remembers her family, which was of humble origin."

"They say in every-body's ears, that notwithstanding her youth and beauty, she usually wears nothing but black."

"It is true; she wishes to wear mourning, as long as possible, for the Marchioness d'Argental, her former benefactress."

"And old master Blondel—do you see him often at the castle?"  
"Very often; he is the only one among our neighbors who is permitted to enter the house at all hours, to remain there, to eat and drink at his pleasure, and to depart whenever he thinks fit."

This old Blondel was formerly a notary in Vitre; he was sixty years of age, enjoyed a great reputation for honesty and a very trifling fortune; the brave served loved but one person and one thing in the world—to wit, the Marchioness of Kordonian and the collection of the customs of Brittany.

Still Blondel had reason, or at least, he thought he had, to complain of that old The-ress, of that lovely Marchioness, of whom, as he well remembered, he had been the guardian, the counselor and the friend; as Nanette said, when Blondel knocked at the castle gate, it was opened to him at once, at the first word of the modest man; he was permitted to walk at his pleasure in the park, the gardens, the saloons of the mansion, but he sought in vain after a happiness which was his daily hope; he asked from God but a single glance, a single word from the Marchioness, and the Marchioness continued to be invisible to Blondel, as if she closed him with the impudent and prying visitors of her neighborhood.

The poor notary of Vitre endeavored to console himself for the mysterious absence of his pupil, by going to prattle with Therese's portrait; he would glide into a little ante-chamber, place upon a table a silver goblet and a bottle of choice wine, and gaze at the Marchioness, who smiled upon him in her picture, painted upon a panel of the wall; he would say to her with glass in hand—

"Yes, there is always excellent wine to be found in the buttery of the castle of Kordonian; but the generous hand which offers it, or which sends it, why does it conceal itself from the world? Let the Marchioness shut herself up, from morning until evening, in his cabinet; let him disdain me, despise me; let him scorn my miserable person—it is all very well—he is a noble and I am a commoner; he is something, and I am nothing! most certainly, I am not so foolish as to complain of his pride; but I complain of you, madam Marchioness; I complain of your coldness, of your ingratitude, Therese!"

Blondel then slowly drained his glass; he breathed a heavy sigh, and continued thus, with his eyes fixed upon the portrait of the Marchioness—

"Your father, Jacques Quimper, an honest scrivener, like myself, left nothing at his death but bundles of papers and debts; I was god-father to his pretty daughter, and I hastened to receive her

into my house; this was my share of profit and of honor in the heritage of this poor Jacques!"

Blondel continued to drink, and the wine brought tears into his eyes at the remembrances called up by this recital, addressed by the heart to a picture.

"Do you still remember it, Therese? Some years afterwards, the old marchioness of Kordonian, my excellent client, did me the honor to interest herself in the fortune and prospects of my adopted child; she deigned to receive into her mansion, into the intimate familiarity of her house, Mademoiselle Therese Quimper, my ward, my god-daughter or my daughter, as you please to name her—and on one fine day, to my great surprise, to the great scandal of all the nobility of Brittany, she resolved to give her in marriage to her own son, her only son, the young marquis of Kordonian!"

Well, to-day, it would almost seem as if she reproached me for this honor, this good fortune! She withdraws herself from my glances, from my friendly smiles; she flies me, she repulses me, she fears my presence in this castle; in fine, she is proud, haughty—she, who was formerly so simple and so charming! It matters not, I love you still, Therese, and I drink to the health of your pride, madam marchioness!"

Blondel continued, wiping away his tears—  
"Of all those whom I have truly loved, none are henceforth interested in my life; none are dear—as my wife and children; others have forgotten me—like you, Therese, and like an ingrate of your acquaintance, the Chevalier de Marangy! But he will come back, perhaps, and on his return from the East Indies, I will try to pardon his ingratitude! Heaven grant, madam marchioness, that the chevalier may pardon your marriage, I was about to say your infidelity! Adieu! Adieu! I promise myself always, never more to enter this castle—but in vain; my old limbs will not forget the road that leads to this ill-fated door; and then, when I leave this hall, my heart swells almost to bursting. Oh, divine image of Therese! If you have heard me, if you have understood me, beware how you tell the marchioness that I have confided to you, with tears, my regrets, my remembrances, my complaints!"

After these words, Blondel would resume, with a trembling hand, his old book of the customs of the province; he would then step lightly upon a chair, and kiss with joy the portrait of his ungrateful god-daughter.

One evening, Blondel was sauntering, according to his custom, in the alleys of the Park of Kordonian; on this occasion, strange to say, he encountered my uncle, the Count de Marangy, a handsome young man, who had just returned from the East Indies, and who had hastened to see the two best things in this world, an old friend and a young mistress. The old friend of this youth was Blondel; his young and beautiful mistress—was not acquainted with her.

"Yes, yes, it is indeed I!" cried the Chevalier de Marangy, clapping the hands of old Blondel; "here I am once more in our old Brittany, and I shall never leave it again. I hope I have just come from the Commander d'Argental, and I wish this very evening, no later—to salute the marchioness of Kordonian."

"Which one?"  
"Ha, pardon! the marchioness d'Argental of Kordonian."

"She is dead!"  
"Dead! and Mademoiselle Quimper, does she still live in the castle? Is she still in Brittany? How impatient, how restless I am. If you knew, my dear Blondel, the joy and the grief that I felt a moment since, upon the threshold of this park, where I remember having run, played, and talked of love with Therese."

"You loved each other?"  
"We loved each other like—"

"Like children! but time passes; years come; reason counsels us, and we forget all these follies, all these childish fancies."

"Forget them, Blondel! you cannot guess then what brings me back to Kordonian!"  
"The wish to see a friend of your childhood, who has, perhaps, somewhat forgotten you."

"The wish to offer her a brilliant fortune, a name worthy of her, a whole life of love and devotion!"

"Good heavens! if it is so, Frederic—depart at once, and may heaven conduct you speedily to the land of the Indies again!"  
"What mean you? Again, I ask, Blondel, does Therese still dwell in the castle?"

"No, Therese is no longer at Kordonian, there are none but strangers, ingrates, in this house."

"Is Therese dead?" cried the Chevalier de Marangy.  
"Well, yes! she is dead to you—she is married!"

"Married!"  
"To the young Marquis of Kordonian. Come, come, Frederic, have firmness, resolution, courage! I, also, adore Therese, but she has betrayed my friendship, as she has deceived your love; I took pleasure in calling her my daughter, and the ingrate has blushed at my paternal tenderness—she has sacrificed us both to ambition, folly and pride; let us, in our turn, Frederic, endeavor to despise, to hate her, her whom we so much loved—let us quell all the passions, all the love in this world!"

"Leave me, Blondel, I must see Therese!"  
"You will not see her, M. Chevalier; the Marchioness of Kordonian is invisible to the unhappy beings who suffer as they think upon her! You will knock at the door of the castle, and the door will be opened to you, perhaps; an old domestic and a pretty servant girl will bow at your approach; you will have the right to sit, to eat and to drink at your ease; but ask for nothing more, Frederic, the Marchioness is dead—she will not hear you! I, who speak to you—the intimate and devoted friend of poor Jacques Quimper—the guardian and god-father of his child!"

A slight noise was now heard in the foliage, and the words died away upon Blondel's lips. A moment's silence ensued; the glimmering starlight, straying through the boughs of the trees, suddenly illuminated a kind of natural vault, formed by the branches of a grove, and the two female, seated, speechless, before a female form, which resembled a Madonna in a niche of verdure.

"Kneel!" cried the old notary, in a voice faltering with emotion, "kneel Frederic! it is Therese!"

It was indeed she; it was indeed Therese, who, until now, had been concealed by the obscurity of the park from the glances of the two friends; she stood before so feeble, so agitated, so trembling, that she sank upon a seat of green sward, saying to Blondel, the kind protector of her youth—

"You have recognized me, then, my god-father? Ah, it is well! I imagined that you would not know me at the first sight; look at me well, my friend, and tell me, does the Marchioness of Kordonian resemble your charming ward? Oh, no! she was so young and so beautiful! She was so blooming, so brilliant, and I am so pale, so old! She was always gay and laughing, and I am so incessantly! Oh, my friend, how happy was your god-daughter—and how unhappy am I! Blondel you have more kindness than my Venetian glass; I am still the same in your heart; I am sadly changed in my mirror!"

Blondel, who was a friend, replied with tears; the Chevalier, who was a lover, replied with reproaches.

The Marchioness did not seem to hear the amorous complaints of the Chevalier; she rose proudly, with her arms crossed upon her breast, and her eyes raised to heaven, careless of the jealous anger of the Chevalier, she murmured—

"Blondel, and you, M. de Marangy, if you still love me, follow me!"

The notary and the Chevalier followed the Marchioness to the apartments of the castle; they entered with her into a large, cold, gloomy chamber, which was illuminated by a lamp of brass, which emitted a feeble, almost sepulchral light upon surrounding objects. Therese gently closed every door of the apartment. She listened for distant sounds, for confused voices, which she seemed to hear; she then said to Blondel, pointing to a little door half concealed by a fold of tapestry—

"He is there!"  
"Who, madam?"  
"My husband!"

They took their seats beneath the vast mantle of the chimney, and the rain beat against the casement; the wind moaned in long sighs; sob seemed to sound in the stifled murmurs of the storm, and the dogs in the Court howled sadly, as if scenting something that resembled death.

But God took pity upon this trembling group. Cries of joy and happiness broke suddenly from their lips; the secret door, which the Marchioness had opened, she advanced slowly to the middle of the chamber, glanced at her domestic and her friends, and said to them in a low voice—

"Philip, go for the village curate!"  
"Nanette, fetch me my prayer-book!"  
"Blondel, your daughter summons you; she has need of your aid!"  
"M. le Chevalier, Mademoiselle Therese Quimper, your old friend, will return the visit which you have deigned to pay to the Marchioness of Kordonian; she is here!"

"My mother!" continued Therese, addressing the portrait of the old Marchioness, "have I faithfully performed my sacred and trying mission? May I hope, at last, that my liberty will be restored to me? Your son needs me no longer, madam—your son is dead!"

Some days after this terrible scene, the Marquis of Kordonian reposed in peace by the side of his mother. Therese had returned to the dwelling of her guardian, the good notary Blondel. After the lapse of a year, the Marchioness of Kordonian became the wife of the Chevalier de Marangy, but neither she nor her spouse ever again set foot in the castle of Kordonian, which had been the scene of Therese's painful martyrdom.

This ancient mansion, abandoned long before the commencement of the revolution, was said in the name of the nation, and since that time has belonged to several owners, but strange as it may appear, no one has ever inhabited it. We have mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, the noble one to which the ancient castle of Kordonian has been appropriated by its present proprietor.

PROGRESS OF MILTON'S BLINDNESS.—It is now, I think, about ten years [1654] since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull; and at the same time I was troubled with pain in my kidneys and bowels, accompanied with flatulency.

In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporal exercise. The candle which I looked at seemed as if it were encircled by a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left part of the left eye (which I lost some years before the other) became quite obscured, and prevented me from discovering any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing for about three years.

Some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, everything which I looked at seemed in motion, to and fro. A stiff cloudy vapor seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure upon my eyes, and particularly from dinner till evening. So that I often recollect what was said of the poet Phineas, in the Argonautics:—  
"A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound."

And when he walked he seemed as whirling round.  
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay."

I ought not to omit that, while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then as my sight became daily more impaired, the colors became more faint, and were emitted with a certain crackling sound; but at present, every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed seems always, by night and by day, to approach nearer to a white than a black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as through a chink. And though your physicians may kindly a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect that, as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us. The darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amidst the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as it is written, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may we not any acquiescence, in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes?—Milton's Prose Works.

SYMPATHY.—A good Deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very cheerful, and universally popular man, put the usual question—  
"Are you willing to go, my friend?"  
"Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am."

"Well," said the simple minded Deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbor's are willing."

STATE OF VERMONT.  
BY CARLOS COOLIDGE, GOVERNOR.

The custom that calls the people of our Commonwealth to render at this season of the year, public thanks to God for his goodness in the year, is admirable in itself, and in its influences, consonant with right reason, and commended by the pious example of a venerated ancestry.

The ample fruits of a new harvest—the countless blessings of another year—reminde us of the fitness of special thanksgiving unto the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

I do, therefore, hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 17th day of December next, to be observed throughout this State, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God.

I do earnestly recommend to the People of this State, to abstain, on that day, from all unnecessary labor, and from all amusements unbecoming the chastened enjoyments of a Christian Festival.

And I invite the people to convene in their respective places of religious worship—to rejoice together before the Lord, in His sanctuaries—to remember, and talk of all His goodness, in the domestic circle—to bless him and him, in all the delightful services appropriate to the joyful occasion.

Especially it is meet to offer praise unto God for His benignant smiles upon our State and Nation, in the protecting of our civil and religious institutions, in the return of peace, in the general prevalence of law and order, and in the hopeful situation of our own government while the thrones of Old World are rapidly crumbling into the dust.

Particularly it is fit, to give thanks unto the Lord for the grant of an abundant harvest—for the health, and vigor, and happiness of the people of this Commonwealth—for the signal prosperity that has attended their labors, in all the useful arts and the various pursuits in which they have been engaged—for new educational and commercial impulses—and for the growth and well being of the State.

Above all, let the people praise the Lord, for the benign influences of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" upon our free institutions, which have their strength and security only in its light and power.

Let us accompany praise with hearty confession of our manifold sins, humbly seeking forgiveness through our Lord Jesus Christ, and imploring the Divine aid to strengthen us unto the faithful keeping of his commandments, and the turning of our feet unto His testimonies.

While we joyfully recount blessings bestowed, let us, with the heart, commit ourselves, our children, our country, all interests most precious for this life and that to come, unto the God of our Fathers; that under His favor, we may be a people exalted in righteousness, seeking peace and rejoicing in it, loving mercy and doing justice, thankful for the past, trusting for the future, relying always solely on the Lord, whose "tender mercies are over all his works."

Given under my hand and seal of said State, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States, the twenty-third.

CARLOS COOLIDGE.  
By the Governor,  
GEORGE F. HOUGHTON, Secretary.

The resolution of the Legislature of this State, directing a sword of honor to be made and presented to the son of the gallant and lamented Col. Ransom, was carried into effect on the evening of the 30th ult., at Montpelier. The ceremony took place in the presence of Governor Coolidge and the rest of the State officers.

We copy the following from Walton's Daily Journal:—  
PRESENTATION OF THE SWORD.  
COL. KIDDER'S ADDRESS.

MY YOUNG FRIEND.—The Executive of this State has entrusted me with a commission to you at once melancholy and grateful: melancholy that its performance is occasioned by the loss of a distinguished citizen of the State, and grateful that it is intended to manifest respect for his character, and recognition of his services to his country.

To myself, associated during his life with your lamented Father, not only in private intercourse but in public Station, having been a member of his military family, it is peculiarly pleasing that by the consideration of the Chief Magistrate of the State, I have the honor of performing this duty; and while I do so with inexpressible feelings of the sincerest regret for the loss of a friend, I am nevertheless proud that by this ceremony it is sought to honor his memory, and to perpetuate the remembrance of his name and his services.

When, last year during the session of the Legislature, the news was officially communicated by his Excellency to the General Assembly, that the gallant leader of the New England Regiment in Mexico, had fallen as he would fall, if such were to be his fate, "nobly leading forward his splendid regiment," I well remember, and many who now hear me, will remember, the profound sensation that pervaded both branches of the Legislature, and how in the stillness, that follows the announcement of a great calamity, we felt like men whose hearts had been stricken by a fearful blow. We knew he had died as he had lived bravely, and yet all this seemed to weigh little against his loss. At that time, while the gallantry and personal worth of the deceased were fresh in our hearts, the honor which this ceremony was intended to do him was voted by the General Assembly.

The private and public life of the late Col. Ransom, are too well known to need repetition here.

A native of the State, he was honored by his fellow citizens with their confidence, and though his mind was of a strong martial cast, yet he was by his amenity and manliness fitted for high Stations of civil life.

He was always jealous of the reputation of his native State, and loved and spoke of her to the last. His correspondence while in Mexico, shows that although he was in a foreign country, his heart was still here, and it is full of heart having been united again, in the only place of all the earth where they could have been united, on the banks of the noble river whose waters are ever rolling through a portion of our country eminently consecrated by struggle and by sacrifice, to the cause of Liberty.

When a nation suffers any thing in its bodies of her defenders to be buried, her own burial is not far off. When a nation worthy of the name of a nation, sees her sons like your gallant Father, forego the quietude of home, personal comforts, and private joys, and ambitions, and perils their lives, fall in her battles, the people rise up and seek by monuments, mementoes, and public exercises, to perpetuate their names, and make examples of their patriotic devotion. And this should be so. It should be so, not only as exhibitions of National justice, but that those who, after them, may be called upon to do service of a like character, may know, that however and wherever the body may be buried, for the fame of the patriot there is no grave.

To those, who like yourself, are in the line of a public servant, a Father, such testimonies, as this ceremony in honorable remembrance of him, may seem poor compensation; yet is it the common humanity the reward of bravery and patriotism must be grateful.

And the self-sacrifice of private grief must yield to the proud satisfaction of knowing that the cause of their own blood a public trust has been honorably discharged, and public service faithfully performed, and that the generous patriotism which impelled their brave and untimely death, has received the high reward of public approbation and public praise.

As a token of the respect of the General Assembly of this State for the memory of your Father, to perpetuate the memory of the deceased, and most affectionately awaken in the bosom of the son those sentiments of lofty and fervent patriotism, for which the father was so prominently distinguished, I present you this sword. (Here followed the ceremony of presenting the sword.)

Receive it and treasure it! I know you will—and while you follow the profession you have chosen, let it remind you that the history of your native State proves that her citizens have always been foremost to assert and maintain their own rights, the rights of the Country, and the cause of Freedom.

Let it remind you of this noble victory, this generous impulse, and the self-sacrifice of patriotism of one, whom as a Father, you can never forget, and whose memory as a citizen and a soldier, the Legislature of his native State have honored; let it lead you to a noble purpose, to true patriotism; and never let it be drawn except in the cause of right and justice, and then let it never be sheathed till that cause is triumphant!

Take care—and take with it the high trust that the people of this State, and upon you as you value their confidence and esteem, to imitate his virtues and his patriotism, and to bear this as it becomes his name, your honor, and the honor of the State.

Young Ransom, under an embarrassment that was no less natural than it was becoming, made the following reply:—  
"Sir—I receive this testimonial of respect for the memory of my Father, from his native State, with feelings I am unable to express. I know I bear a part in this ceremony not for myself, but for a man whose memory I have been called to aid in a ceremony intended to honor his father, not his son."

I will take this sword, and assure you that while I am preparing for the service of my country, it shall always remind me of my obligations to my native State, and to the name it is intended to honor. Permit me to thank you for your generous sentiments on this occasion, and to offer in return, a remembrance of my father and for your kind and appropriate address to me in the employment of this splendid tribute bestowed upon me—to perpetuate the memory of him, who has fallen while engaged in his country's service, and through you to thank the people of Vermont for this gift, and to say that I hope that I shall some time be able to show by actions what I cannot show by words; that their noble generosity has been bestowed upon one who will strive to tarnish their honor, or prove to have been unworthy to accept it as the son of the man whose name it will commemorate.

VERMONT LEGISLATURE.  
MONDAY, OCT. 20.  
SENATE.—A bill was introduced by Mr. Beeman, to provide for building a State Prison on Lake Umbagog, which was referred, after some discussion, to a select committee of three.  
An engrossed bill, to incorporate the Danville and Passumpsic Railroad Company, was read a third time, and passed.  
HOUSE.—A resolution was introduced by Mr. Rose, to adjourn without day, Monday morning, Nov. 6, which after some discussion, was laid on the table. Sundry bills were introduced and referred.  
SENATE.—Mr. Stewart offered a resolution instructing the committee on Roads to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Board of Railroad Commissioners, to decide on location of depots, where the public interest is involved. Passed.  
Mr. Jones, from committee, to whom was referred the petition for annexing part of Benson to Orwell, reported that the prayer should not be granted—petitioners had never withdrawn.  
Adjourned, to meet with the House, in attending the funeral of Mr. Carpenter, late member from Pownal, at 4 o'clock this afternoon.  
HOUSE.—After some business of no general interest, Mr. Baker, of Manchester, announced the death of his colleague,